

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR &amp; SUSPENSE

L.M.

10

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No. 14

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the HORROR of the  
FINGERS OF DOOM!

NO ONE WILL EVER FIND JIM'S  
BODY HERE... I'LL BURY HIM!...  
THE SHERIFF... IT CAN'T BE---  
HE'S DEAD!

WEIRD TALL  
OF HORROR







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TWENTY UNHAPPY YEARS... A LIFETIME! GUS MENINGER LIVED WITH HIS WIFE EMMA, A NAGGING SHREW! IT SOUNDED CRAZY, BUT EVERY NIGHT HE WAS AFRAID, YES, AFRAID TO GO HOME HER NAGGING, HER SCRAGGLY HAIR, HER LONG SKINNY FINGERS MADE HIM THINK OF A WITCH! ONCE SHE HAD BEEN PRETTY... LONG, LONG AGO! FINALLY HE HAD TO GET RID OF HER... THERE WAS ANOTHER PRETTY GIRL IN HIS LIFE... HE MUSTN'T GET CAUGHT BY ANY TELLTALE

# FINGERS OF DOOM!

SO THEY'VE FOUND YOUR FINGER-PRINTS, EMMA! WELL, IF ANYONE FINDS YOUR BODY THERE WON'T BE ANY FINGERS TO CHECK WITH... NO ONE'S GOING TO PIN YOUR MURDER ON ME!

THE SHRILL VOICE OF EMMA CAME AS USUAL FROM THE DOORWAY WHENEVER GUS TRIED TO RELAX, AS USUAL HE NEVER COULD KEEP FROM CLENCHING HIS FISTS TIGHT, AS THOUGH HER THROAT WAS IN HIS GRASP!

GUS! PICK UP THAT NEWSPAPER, GUS, DO YOU HEAR ME! PICK IT UP!

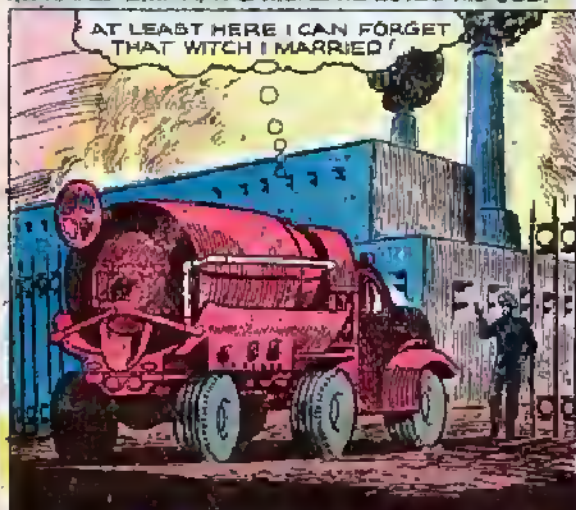
IN A MINUTE, EMMA! IF I COULD ONLY STOP THAT VOICE!

JUST KNOWING EMMA WAS THERE MADE GUS NERVOUS, MADE HIS HANDS SHAKE!

GUS... THE ASHES! THEY FELL ON THE TABLE!



HIS ONE ESCAPE FROM EMMA WAS HIS JOB... DRIVER AT THE CEMENT MIXING PLANT! THE MORE HE HATED EMMA, THE MORE HE LOVED HIS JOB!



AT LEAST HERE I CAN FORGET THAT WITCH I MARRIED!

THAT VERY MORNING, MR. POMFREY, THE FIRM'S PRESIDENT CALLED HIM IN. THE GIRL THERE THERE EXCITED HIM, THE WAY SHE LOOKED STEADILY INTO HIS EYES!

GUS, WE'RE PROMOTING YOU TO HEAD TRAFFIC MAN ON SATURDAY. MEET YOUR NEW SECRETARY... MY NIECE!

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS?

MY NAME IS JENNIE MALLON!



NOW GUS ONLY DROVE IN THE AFTERNOONS! MORNINGS HE WORKED WITH JENNIE! THOUGH SHE WAS YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, YET SHE SEEMED OPENLY TO ADMIRE HIM!

IT'S NICE WORKING WITH YOU, MISS MALLON!

YOU'RE A VERY NICE BOSS, MR. MENINGER!



THAT NIGHT GUS WAS HAUNTED BY THE EYES, THE ALLURING SMILE OF JENNIE, EVEN WHILE EMMA RANTED AND RAVED IN HER USUAL WAY!

WHO MOVED THE FLOWERS FROM THE COFFEE TABLE? WAS IT YOU, GUS?

I THOUGHT I'D MOVE THEM OUT OF THE LIGHT, EMMA!



THE NEXT MORNING AS GUS WALKED TO THE PLANT THROUGH THE SPRING RAIN, EAGER TO SEE AGAIN HIS NEW SECRETARY, A VOICE CALLED HIM...

MR. MENINGER, WAIT, COME UNDER MY UMBRELLA!

I WONDER WHO'S THAT? COULD IT BE...



IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT THIS LOVELY GIRL HAD WAITED FOR HIM! HE SUDDENLY FELT HAPPY, SURE OF HIMSELF!

JENNIE...ER... MISS MALLON!

I LIKE "JENNIE" BETTER...GUS!





HIS HEART POUNDING LIKE A SLEDGE HAMMER, GUS CALLED EMMA TO EXPLAIN THAT HE WASN'T COMING HOME FOR DINNER THAT NIGHT / FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS MARRIED LIFE HE HAD MADE A DATE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN... JENNIE!



YES, EMMA, I'LL BE LATE. A MEETING. DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME!

IT WAS INCREDIBLE TO GUS, BUT JENNIE SEEMED TO LIKE HIM... A LOT! HE HAD NEVER HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME SINCE HE WAS MARRIED!



TO US, JENNIE!

I'LL DRINK TO THAT, GUS!

SO THIS WAS THE END OF THE EVENING! GUS COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF LEAVING THIS LOVELY GIRL... TO RETURN TO EMMA!



OH, GUS, IT WAS SUCH A LOVELY EVENING!

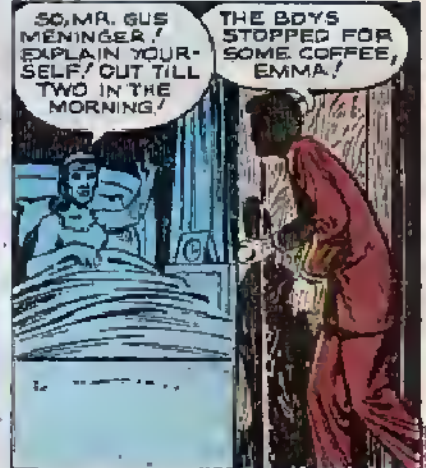
YES, JENNIE! A PERFECT EVENING!

AS THOUGH BY A SINGLE IMPULSE, THEY DREW TOGETHER, AND THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMED TO STOP IN THEIR KISS!



JENNIE... YOU'RE MINE!

GUS REACHED HOME AT TWO IN THE MORNING, TO FIND THE HORRIBLE FIGURE OF EMMA WAITING, MENACING...



SO, MR. GUS MENINGER! EXPLAIN YOURSELF! OUT TILL TWO IN THE MORNING!

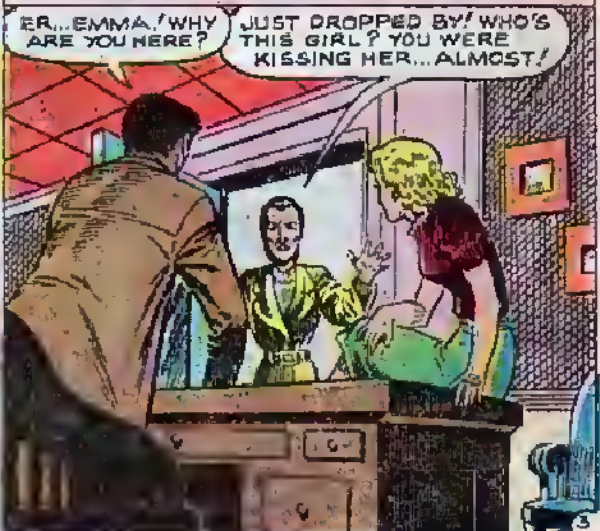
THE BOYS STOPPED FOR SOME COFFEE, EMMA!

EXCITED, HIS BLOOD THROBBING, GUS LAY THINKING OF JENNIE / THE UGLY SIGHT OF HIS SNORING WIFE DISGUSTED HIM!



I MUST SEE JENNIE AGAIN!

ONE DAY, A FEW WEEKS LATER, EMMA SHOWED UP UNEXPECTEDLY AT GUS' OFFICE!



ER... EMMA! WHY ARE YOU HERE?

JUST DROPPED BY! WHO'S THIS GIRL? YOU WERE KISSING HER... ALMOST!



POOR JENNIE WAS SO EMBARRASSED SHE LEFT THE OFFICE IN A HURRY...

I DON'T LIKE THAT NEW SECRETARY OF YOURS, GUS! FIRE HER!

I CAN'T, EMMA! SHE'S POMFREY'S NIECE!



WELL, I'LL SPEAK TO POMFREY ABOUT IT! BE HOME EARLY TONIGHT! I'M GOING TO THE MOVIES WITH MRS. SATCHWELL AFTER SUPPER!



IN ORDER NOT TO BE LATE, GUS DROVE HIS MIXER HOME INSTEAD OF TO THE GARAGE!

THAT NIGHT THE IDEA CAME TO GUS...GET RID OF EMMA...THE PERFECT CRIME...AND BE FREE TO HAVE JENNIE!

DID YOU HAVE TO BRING THAT THING HERE?

I DIDN'T WANT TO BE LATE!



I'LL FIX THIS TRIPPER AND LOOSEN THE STEP!



THE NEXT MORNING, WHILE EMMA WAS PREPARING BREAKFAST...

EMMA, TO MAKE UP FOR YESTERDAY, I BROUGHT YOU A SURPRISE... BUT I LEFT IT ON THE BACK OF THE MIXER!

I'LL GET IT...ABOUT TIME YOU BOUGHT ME SOMETHING!



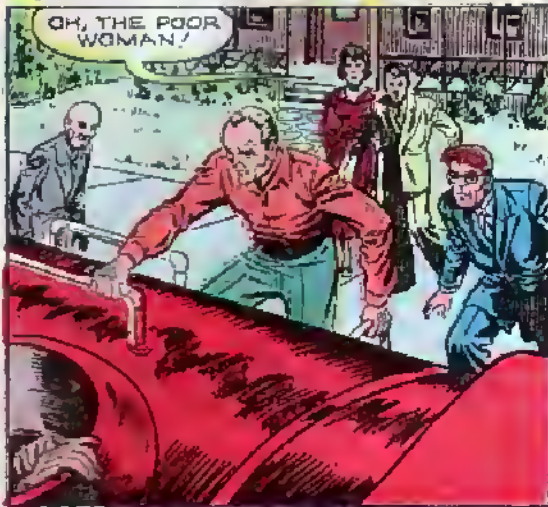
EMMA'S HAPPINESS DIDN'T LAST LONG! AS SHE STEPPED ON THE LOOSE STEP...AND PUT HER HAND OUT FOR HER SURPRISE... THE MIXER STARTED! ALL BUT HER HANDS WERE DRAWN IN!

OWEEE HELP!





THE NEIGHBORS HEARD THE CRY AND RUSHED OUT... POOR EMMA WAS ALREADY TOO FAR GROUND UP!



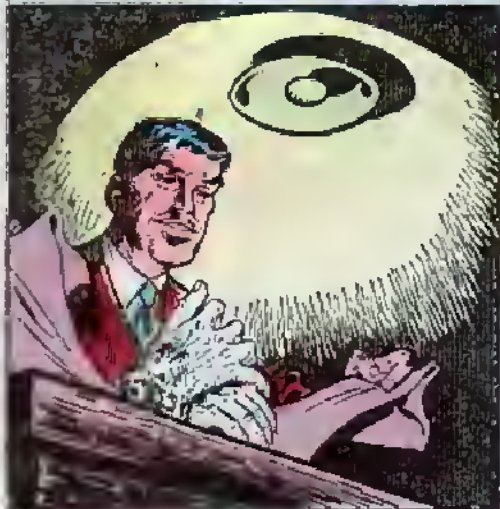
SINCE GUS WASN'T NEAR THE SCENE OF THE "ACCIDENT," THEY COULDN'T BLAME HIM...

SORRY, GUS, TERRIBLE ACCIDENT... THE DOCTOR COULD ONLY GET HER HANDS OUT OF THE MIXER!

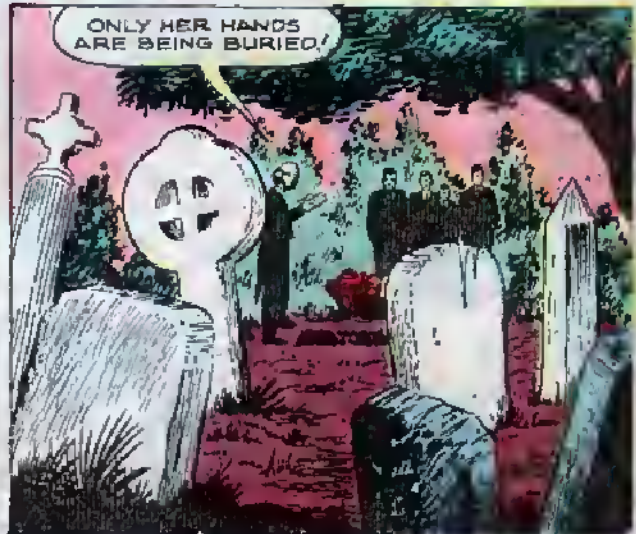
SHE WANTED TO CLEAN THE STEP FOR ME... I'LL GET HER POOR HANDS AND GIVE THEM TO THE UNDERTAKER!



YES, GUS RETRIEVED THE HANDS... AND THAT WAS HIS BIG MISTAKE!

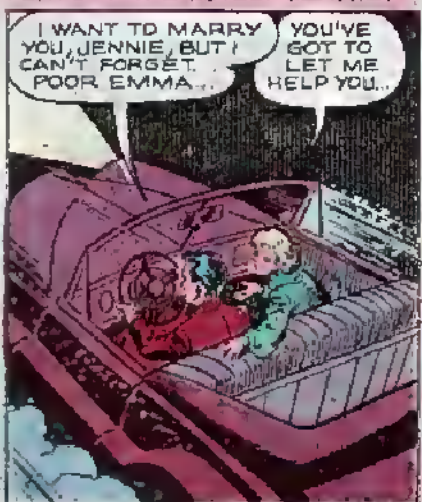


THEY BURIED EMMA'S SEVERED HANDS...



ONLY HER HANDS ARE BEING BURIED!

AND THEN GUS REALLY BEGAN TO LIVE! HE BOUGHT A NEW CAR WITH EMMA'S INSURANCE AND PURSUED THE LOVELY JENNIE!



I WANT TO MARRY YOU, JENNIE, BUT I CAN'T FORGET POOR EMMA...

YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME HELP YOU...



...TO FORGET HER!

SOON AFTERWARDS, GUS WAS PROMOTED AGAIN... HE NO LONGER WOULD HAVE TO DRIVE A MIXER IN THE AFTERNOON!



JENNIE TOLD ME THE GOOD NEWS! SINCE YOU'LL SOON BE A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DRIVE THE MIXER AFTERNOONS!

THANK YOU!



TODAY'S MY LAST  
TRIP ON THIS SCOW!



GUS DIDN'T KNOW HOW  
RIGHT HE WAS. THIS ROAD  
PASSED THE OLD CEME-  
TARY, WHERE A STRANGE  
EVENT WAS TAKING PLACE!



A HAND STARTED TO COME  
UP OUT OF EMMA'S GRAVE...  
A DEAD HAND! LARGER AND  
LARGER IT GREW....

THEN A SECOND DEAD HAND  
STIRRED AND SPRANG OUT  
OF EMMA'S GRAVE!



AS THE MIXER PASSED THE CEMETARY, BOTH  
IT AND THE TRUCK MYSTERIOUSLY STALLED!

SOMETHING MUST BE  
WRONG IN THE MIXING  
VAT, I'LL FIX IT FAST!



WAS IT A MIRAGE THAT GUS SAW AS HE  
CLIMBED INTO THE MIXER? WAS THAT A  
HAND... TWO HANDS...

THOSE THINGS LOOK  
LIKE... HANDS!



IT WAS THEN GUS KNEW THEY WERE EMMA'S  
HANDS... THEY WERE STARTING TO TURN  
THE MIXER! EMMA'S HANDS HAD COME ALIVE!

...BUT HOW...  
WHAT... OHH...



GUS, CAUGHT IN THE MECHANISM, COULDN'T  
CLIMB OUT... AND THE HANDS FROM THE  
GRAVE RELENTLESSLY KEPT TURNING THE  
MIXER... GRINDING INTO POWDER GUS AS HE  
CAME IN CONTACT WITH ITS BLADES!

NO... STOP  
THE MIXER...  
AARRRGH!



THE  
END!





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How many \_\_\_\_\_ Bust size \_\_\_\_\_ Cup \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

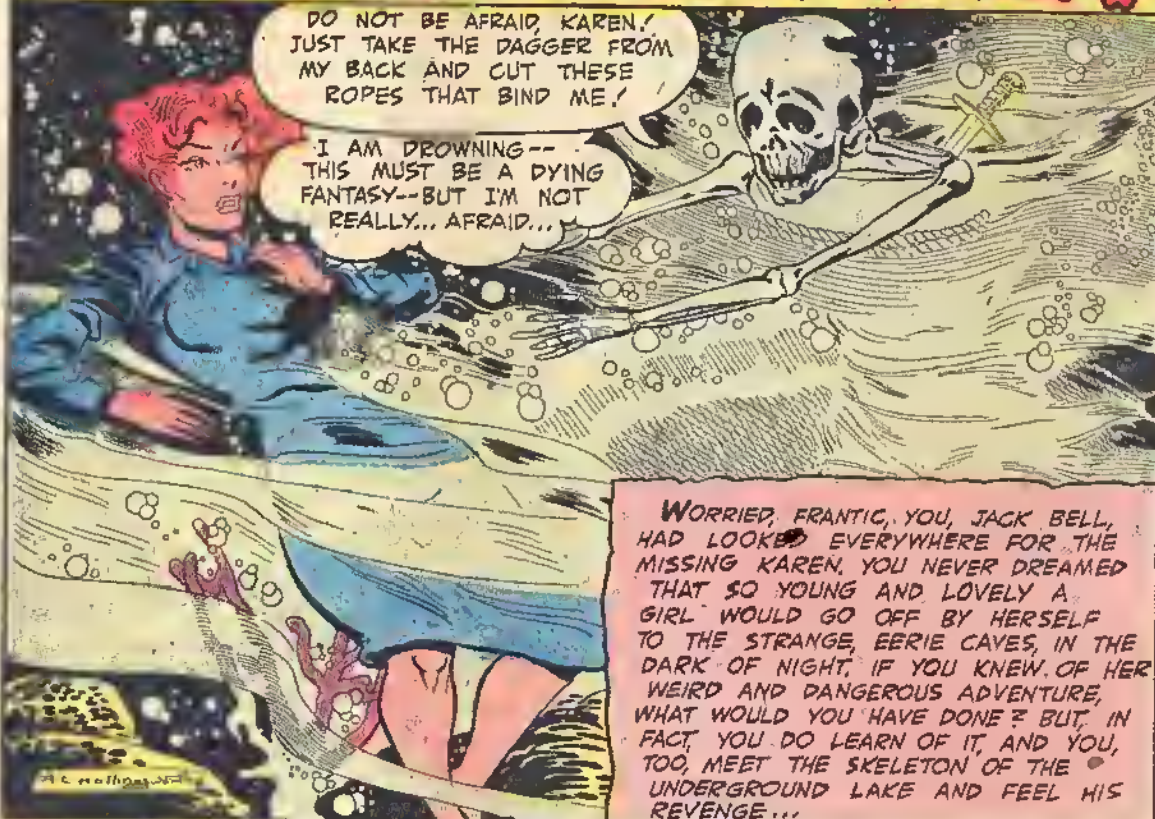
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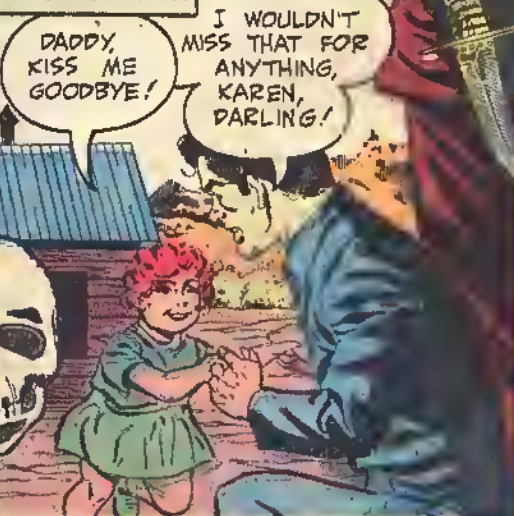
# THE SKELETON'S REVENGE!



ALL YOUR LIFE YOU'VE BEEN PROSPECTING FOR EUREKA MINING CO., MAKING THEM RICH. NOW THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU HAVEN'T FOUND THAT NEW VEIN AND THEY'VE SENT, HY THE SUPER, TO GO WITH YOU...



IT AMUSES YOU TO WATCH THE TENDER FAREWELL BETWEEN HY AND HIS DAUGHTER. AS FOR YOU, KIDS ARE JUST BRATS...





IT ANNOYS YOU THAT A MAN SAYING GOODBYE GRABS YOUR DAGGER TO EXAMINE IT, YOUR PRECIOUS DAGGER THAT IS YOUR GOOD LUCK CHARM...

THAT'S A MIGHTY HANDSOME KNIFE, BELL. GOT YOUR NAME

ON IT, TOO!

GIMME THAT!

FINALLY YOU AND HY SET OUT ON A SILENT TREK AND THE WOODED AREA FILLS YOU WITH A MOODY DEPRESSION. YOU WORK HARD AND EUR-EKA GETS ALL THE PROFITS...

THESE MINERS DON'T HAVE MUCH TO SAY. IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

IN THE DEEP WOODS HY SUDDENLY GETS EXCITED AS YOU POINT TO A STRANGE HOLE. IT GIVES YOU A SCARE COMING UPON THIS STRANGE FORMATION IN THIS DESOLATE, LONELY COUNTRY...

LOOK AT THIS STRANGE PIT! HELP ME GET DOWN INTO IT! JACK!

MY GOD--WE'VE FOUND THE CAVE OF THE NEEDLES! FOR FIFTY YEARS THE INDIANS HAVE TALKED ABOUT IT--BUT NO WHITE MAN HAS EVER SEEN IT!

AN AMAZING SIGHT FOR YOUR EYES AS YOU STAND AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF NEEDLES! THE LONG, POINTED FORMATIONS ARE LIKE THE CRUEL TEETH OF A MAMMOTH SHARK!

STALACTITES AND STALAGMITES, JACK! AREN'T THEY AMAZING?

THIS MYSTERIOUS PLACE INSIDE THE EARTH, WITH ITS EERIE LIGHT AND MONSTROUS SHADOWS SUDDENLY GIVES YOU AN IDEA. EXCITEMENT FILLS YOU!

YOU'VE HIT UPON AN IDEA! THIS CAN BE TURNED INTO A GOLD-MINE! TOURISTS WOULD FLOCK HERE FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY--THE WHOLE WORLD! THERE MUST BE MILES OF THIS CAVE WITH ALL ITS WONDERS!

HY, DOES ANYONE ELSE KNOW WHERE THIS PLACE IS?

NO, JACK... IT'S JUST BEEN A LEGEND, A GHOST STORY, BUT IT REALLY EXISTS!

THIS IS MY BONANZA! THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS WILL FLOCK HERE!





LIKE A BLOW IN THE FACE, THE NEXT WORDS OF HY SHOCK YOU TO NUMBNESS...

I'LL CLAIM THIS FOR EUREKA MINING CO.!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, HY! IT'S MY IDEA! EUREKA HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

A HEATED ARGUMENT FLARES BETWEEN YOU AND HY. HIS SILLY "HONOR" FILLS YOU WITH FURY. THEN YOU BOTH COME UPON ANOTHER PHENOMENON IN THIS AMAZING CAVE: AN UNDERGROUND LAKE AND AN ANCIENT BOAT...

JACK, WE CAN'T EXPECT TO EXPLOIT THIS PLACE FOR YOUR OWN PROFIT. WE OWE EUREKA A DUTY.

I'D SPLIT IT ONLY WITH YOU!

AND WHY SHOULD I?

YOU BURN UP INSIDE AT HY'S SENSE OF DUTY--BUT YOU SET OUT TO EXPLORE FURTHER...

JACK. BUT THIS GOES TO EUREKA!

THANKS,

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

LOOK AT THIS CRUDE ROCK ANCHOR!

IT'S QUITE CLEAR THAT THIS HY IS STUBBORN. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE THIS GOLDEN CHANCE WHEN IT'S IN YOUR GRASP. WHY NOT AN ACCIDENT?

I WON'T SHARE

THIS WITH ANYONE--NOT EVEN HY ALONE!

ROW OUT, HY. LET'S SEE WHERE IT GOES!

YOU FEEL A SENSE OF POWER AND ELATION AS YOU COME TO YOUR DECISION--GET RID OF JACK!

STOP--JACK! YOU--YOU'RE MAD! LET ME GO!

HA, HA, HA! IN A MOMENT, HY!

TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE YOU PLUNGE YOUR PRECIOUS KNIFE DEEP DEEP INTO THE SOFT FLESH OF HIS BACK AND WATCH HIS TRUSSED UP BODY TIP OUT OF THE BOAT...

NOW IT'S ALL SETTLED!

ARRRGH...

YOU WATCH INTENTLY THE DEATH STRUGGLE IN THE WATER... FOR A MOMENT YOU FEEL AFRAID--COULD HY GETS HIS HANDS LOOSE...

HELP! MERCY!



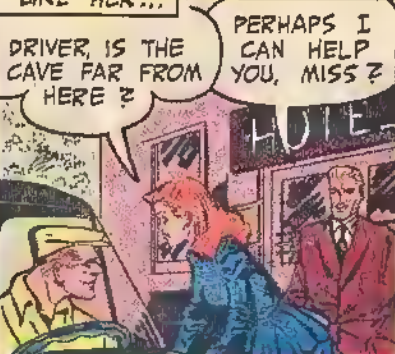
BUT THE FATAL WOUND ENDED THE STRUGGLE QUICKLY AND YOU RELEASE YOUR INDRAWN BREATH AS HY SINKS TO HIS WATERY GRAVE. YOUR ONLY GRIEF IS THE SUDDEN REALIZATION YOUR DAGGER IS LOST TO YOU...



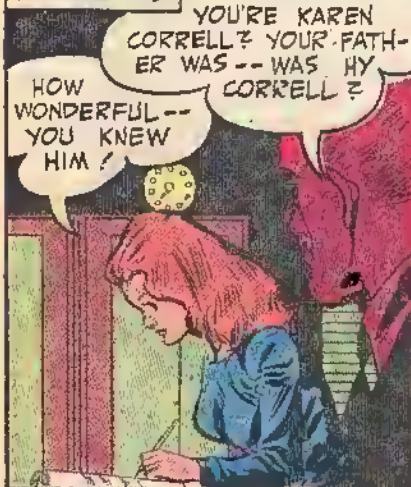
TWELVE YEARS HAVE PASSED. YOU EXPLAINED THAT HY WAS LOST ON THE TRIP... YOU CLAIMED THE CAVE OF THE NEEDLES. IT BECAME A MECCA FOR TOURISTS, FILLING YOUR POCKETS WITH RICHES...



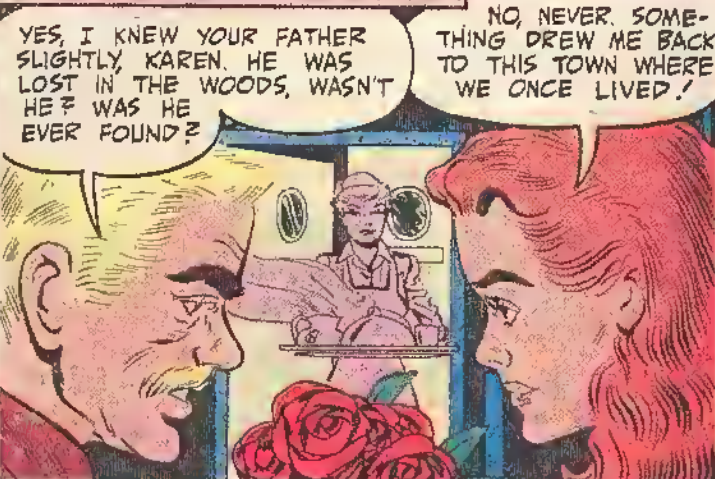
YOU PRACTICALLY OWN THE WHOLE TOWN-INCLUDING THE NEW HOTEL. TOURISTS FLOCK HERE TO SEE THE CAVE. THEN ONE DAY AN EXQUISITE GIRL ARRIVES AT YOUR HOTEL... YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE HER...



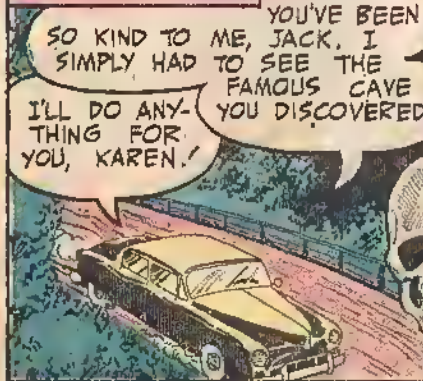
YOU FEEL YOU MUST KNOW HER BETTER, BUT A TERRIFIC SHOCK HITS YOU WHEN YOU SEE HER NAME!



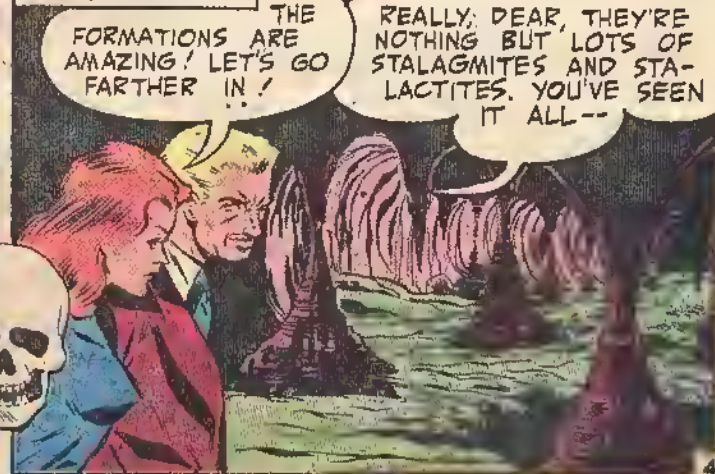
THE SHOCK OF MEETING KAREN PASSES, SO DOES TIME. YOU REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE FALLEN, SUDDENLY, SWEEPINGLY IN LOVE. SHE NEED NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH OF TWELVE YEARS AGO...



SHE HAS ASKED YOU TO SHOW HER THE CAVE. SHE SEEMS DRAWN TO YOU. NERVOUSLY YOU DRIVE HER THERE, PLANNING TO MARRY HER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND THEN SELL OUT AND MOVE FAR AWAY...



IT SEEMED QUEER TO BE INSIDE THE CAVE WITH HY'S DAUGHTER. YOU ARE ANXIOUS TO GET OUTSIDE, QUICKLY...





KAREN DRAWS YOU FARTHER INTO THE INTERIOR--UP TO THE LAKE! THE ANCIENT BOAT'S STILL THERE, AN ADDED ATTRACTION...

WHAT A WEIRD PLACE! THE LAKE MAKES ME SHUDDER!

LET'S GO, KAREN, YOU MUST BE TIRED!

YOU'VE MADE PROGRESS WITH KAREN. YOU'RE SURE SHE'LL MARRY YOU. THEN ONE NIGHT YOU PHONE HER FOR DINNER AND HER ROOM DOESN'T ANSWER...

WONDER WHERE SHE CAN BE AT THIS TIME?

RRRINNN!

FOR HOURS YOU TRIED TO FIND HER; YOU'RE FRANTIC... THEN, AS YOU START OUT AT MIDNIGHT, KAREN STEPS OUT OF A TAXI--DRIPPING WET!

KAREN, DARLING, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I'M COLD, JACK. TAKE ME UPSTAIRS!

SHE HAS PROMISED TO TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY AFTER SHE HAS CHANGED AND NOW YOU HURRY EAGERLY TO HER AT HER SUMMONS...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED, DARLING!

COME IN, JACK. IT'S A TERRIBLE STORY!

YOU LISTEN IN FASCINATION TO THE TALE KAREN TELLS, YOUR BLOOD SLOWLY FREEZING AS THE FULL IMPLICATIONS HIT YOU...

SOMETHING, JACK, SOME FORCE KEPT DRAWING ME BACK TO THE CAVE, EVEN IN THE NIGHT, ALL ALONE. I HAD TO GO BACK!

OH, JACK, IT WAS WONDERFUL--IN THE DIMLY-LIT CAVE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY, JACK, BUT I FOUND MYSELF AT THE LAKE. I GOT INTO THE BOAT...

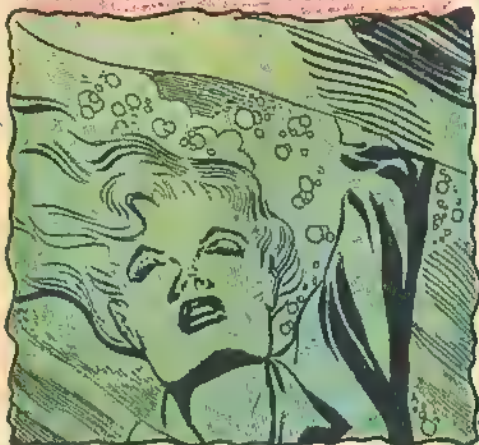
YOU ARE LISTENING TO KAREN'S STORY WITH INCREDULOUS SUSPENSE. WHAT HAS SHE FOUND OUT? YOU CAN BARELY WAIT TO THE END...

SUDDENLY THE BOAT HIT SOMETHING! I FELL OUT---I YELLED FOR HELP!

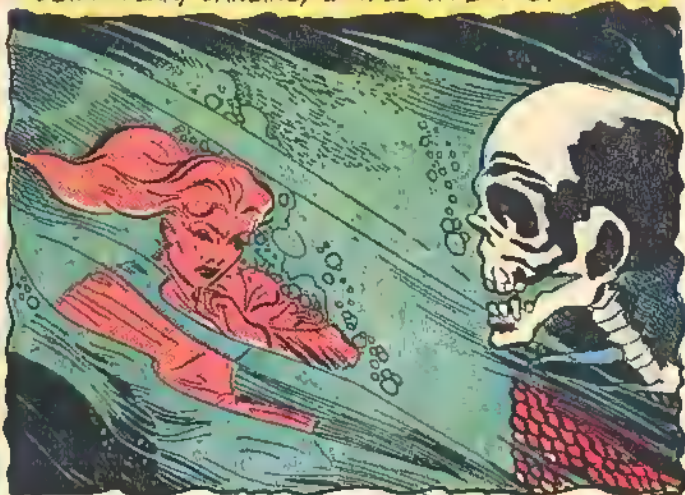
EEEE YAAAAAH!



"I FELT MYSELF SINKING-DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE DEEP, GREEN WATER. I TRIED TO PULL MYSELF UP-BUT GREW WEAKER AND WEAKER..."



"I WAS DROWNING--THEN I HEARD AN EERIE VOICE 'DON'T FEAR, DARLING, I WILL SAVE YOU.'"



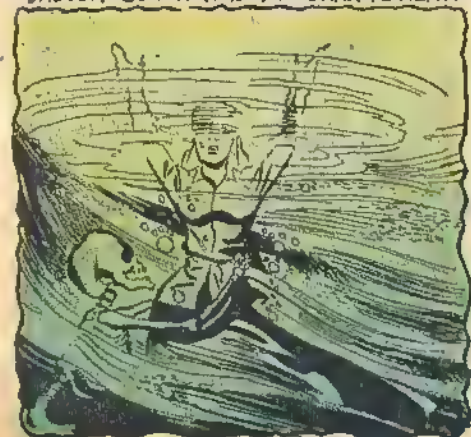
"OH, JACK! THEN I FELT BONY HANDS GRAB ME, PULLING ME TOWARD A MOSSY LEDGE UNDER THE WATER. I LOOKED - AND SAW--A--SKELETON!"



"THE--THE SKELETON WAS ALL TIED UP WITH ROPE-- AND A DAGGER WITH A CARVED HANDLE WAS STUCK IN HIS BACK. IT--IT SPOKE..!"



"I-I-DID WHAT THE SKELETON ASKED. THEN HE DREW ME UPWARD TO THE FRESH AIR. JACK-HE SAVED MY LIFE. THERE WAS A NAME ON THE DAGGER BUT IT WAS TOO DARK TO READ!"



YOU NERVOUSLY PACE THE ROOM. IT IS CLEAR TO YOU THAT KAREN HAS NO IDEA WHO THE SKELETON WAS. BUT THE WHOLE THING WAS PREPOSTEROUS, A FIGMENT OF IMAGINATION...

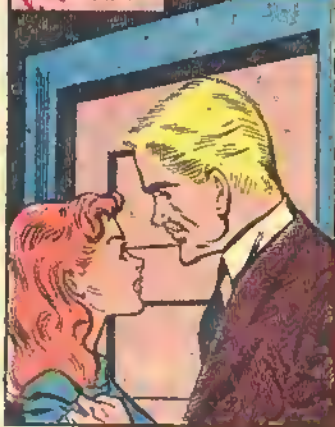
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, JACK. DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

WHY, KAREN, CAN'T YOU REALIZE IT WAS A SORT OF DELIRIUM FROM DROWNING?





BUT ALL TURNS OUT WELL FOR, AS YOU COMFORT KAREN YOU DECLARE YOUR LOVE AND SHE AGREES TO MARRY YOU. YOU CAN NOW FORGET THE PAST.



ALL NIGHT YOU TOSS, SLEEPLESS. YOU'VE WON KAREN, BUT-BUT SHE'D NEVER SEEN YOUR DAGGER--YET SHE DESCRIBED IT PERFECTLY...

I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE LAKE-I MUST GET THE KNIFE BEFORE THE POLICE HEAR THIS STORY!



YOU HUSTLE INTO YOUR CLOTHES. NO ONE ELSE MUST SEE THAT DAGGER. SOMEONE WOULD RECOGNIZE IT AS YOURS!

I'M CRAZY TO GO-- BUT I CAN'T REST. I MUST FIND THAT DAGGER!



NEVER BEFORE HAD YOU FELT FEAR IN THE FAMILIAR CAVES--BUT NOW THE STALAG-TITES MENACE YOU--YOUR OWN ECHOING FOOTSTEPS TERRIFY YOU...

I MUST GET TO THE LAKE!

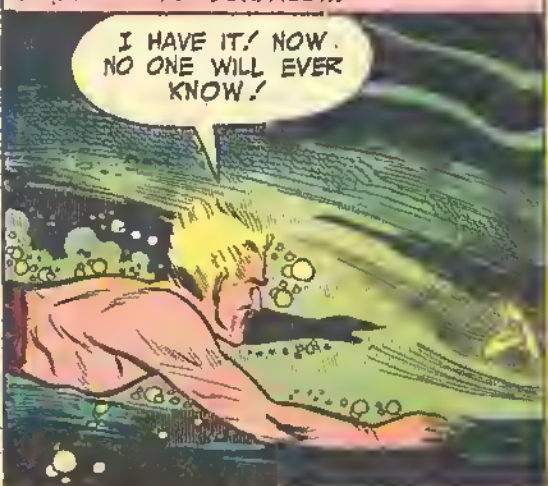


YOU ALMOST TURN BACK, BUT THE THOUGHT OF LOSING YOUR WEALTH, LOSING KAREN, PUSHES YOU ON--AND YOU DIVE INTO THE LAKE... THEN YOU SEE THE DAGGER IS THERE.



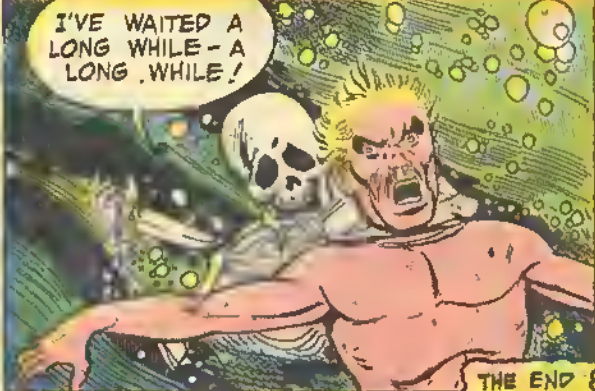
YOU GRAB FOR THE KNIFE AND START TO SWIM TO THE SURFACE...

I HAVE IT! NOW NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW!



BUT BONY FINGERS GRAB IT FIRST! THEN A DEAD BONY ARM ENCIRCLES YOUR THROAT AS A BLADE ENTERS YOUR BACK! YOU LOOK INTO THE HOLLOW EYES--OF A--SKELETON AND AS YOU DIE YOU KNOW IT IS--HY!!

I'VE WAITED A LONG WHILE--A LONG WHILE!



THE END



# AN EYE FOR AN EYE?

By ELLEN LYNN

**T**HE first time I saw Jenny Blackthorne I was haunted for days. In fact I seem never to have forgotten that image because I remember it now, six years later.

My family had a little cottage in the village of Lytton Green, Bradfordshire, England, where we'd come down for weekends from London. The year I was fourteen I used to ride out on my horse, Pepper; there were wonderful trails through the woods and around the edges of the lake. One day I rode out farther than usual. I noticed it when the sky suddenly turned dark grey, all the clouds rushing wildly across the heavens as though chased by an army of savages. Then the rain came pelting down, lashing the trees and whipping the branches at Pepper and me. I was frightened, and stopped in the shelter of an overhanging rock. As though the storm weren't enough to scare a young girl, far from home, I suddenly heard a sound—above and different than all the sounds of the weather. It terrified me—and then I saw a girl, who looked a few years younger than I, walking through the snapping branches, leading a pony. She was drenched to the skin, her hair plastered to her cheeks, and she was talking—either to the pony or to herself. Neither she nor the pony seemed to mind the torrents of rain, nor the whipping trees, but instead seemed to be having a grand time.

Thinking the young girl might lead me to a nearby house I called out to her. But I must have frightened her in turn, for she looked around, startled, spied me, and made an amazing leap onto her pony and dashed out of sight. This unnerved me more than ever, and I couldn't remain a moment longer in this lonely, storm-wracked woods, where a child and horse walked like creatures bewitched.

I mounted Pepper and we made our way as best we could over the narrow path. The sudden storm seemed to be quieting down, just as suddenly as it had started, but I was still surrounded by shadows and darkness as the trees and bushes grew wilder and thicker than ever. A chill came over me and the same moment Pepper reared up on his hind legs and whinnied in fright. As I clung to my horse, I saw through an opening in the trees

a grim, grey castle and on the broad, overgrown driveway stood the same little girl and her pony, staring at us. This time it was I who took fright and getting control of Pepper I kicked his flanks to hurry him away from this weird place.

Back home safely, I told daddy about my experience and asked him about the little girl and the castle. "That's Blackthorne," he said, "which belongs to Sir Lawrence and Lady Agatha Blackthorne. The girl is their daughter, Genevieve. I think they call her Jenny. They're a strange family, neglecting their estates and refusing to mingle with anyone—even their peers. The village folk tell strange stories about them, and stay a mile away from the place."

Somehow, I couldn't get Jenny Blackthorne out of my mind. It was about four weeks later when I saw her again in the village. This time her mother and father were helping her alight from a horse-drawn carriage—which looked odd in these times. But it struck me suddenly that there was something peculiar about Jenny's eyes; they looked dead. "Mummy, mummy," I pulled on mother's sleeve and whispered excitedly, "There's Jenny Blackthorne. What is wrong with her eyes?"

"Darling," my mother answered sadly, "Jenny's blind. Didn't you know? Her parents never leave her out of their sight a moment."

"But that day in the woods!" I exclaimed. "Jenny was with her pony—alone—in the storm. She was laughing."

"You must have seen someone else, dear," mother dismissed all my questions, but not from my mind. Even when we returned to London the next day I kept thinking about Jenny.

And then my life became busy and full of my own affairs. I finally forgot about Jenny. The next six years I rarely accompanied my parents on their weekends to Lytton Green; I was away at school for four years and then my last year I met Dick and fell in love. After graduation we married and our two babies arrived one year after the other, keeping me tied down to our little flat.

"Why don't you and Dick and the babies go to our cottage in Lytton Green for a few weeks?" Mother suggested one day. "Dick can come down on weekends when he has to stay in town during



the week." And that's how I returned to Lytton Green after six years. The third day I was settling the children in the yard when I saw a girl in the next garden. She seemed to be sleeping on a chaise longue, and a large dog was crouched beside her. There was something familiar about her, but I couldn't place her. The people who used to live there when I was a child were a middle-aged couple with no children. This girl appeared to be eighteen or nineteen, unusually pale and slender. Somehow it seemed odd that a young person should be asleep at eleven in the morning.

Our gardener was cutting the grass near me so I thought I'd ask him about this new neighbor. Jack was an old sourpuss, crotchety and given to temper tantrums, but I always used to keep out of his way as a child so as not to run into trouble with him. "Jack," I called softly to him, in a hushed voice. "Is that a new neighbor sleeping there?" He walked over to me on his bowed legs, a long grass shears dangling menacingly in his fingers. His vivid blue eyes, bright and piercing, held my own. I had never seen such brilliant blue eyes in another creature—they looked cold and fierce. Why did I ever start to talk to him, I thought to myself.

His answer startled me still more. "That's Lady Jenny, ma'am," he spat out angrily. "She moved in here a year ago, when her parents were killed in a motor crash. Her dog, Tiger, tramples on my flower beds. Some day I'm gonna kill him." While he talked in a low, furious voice, I saw Jenny stir. Her hands groped for her dog, and for the first time I noticed an intricate harness on his back. A seeing-eye dog! I thought, in sudden recognition of this animal trained to guide the blind.

"Why, Jack!" I exclaimed in horror at his anger. "That's a wonderful dog, highly intelligent and trained to lead the blind. If he ever comes over here there must be a reason for it."

"Sure!" Jack answered sarcastically. "I'm the reason. He hates me. He's after me, and so's the lady—blind though she is." His blue eyes snopped like fire-crackers.

The strange hatred between Jack and Jenny's dog, Tiger, came to a terrible climax. One day Tiger came bounding into our garden, trampling on a newly seeded bit of lawn. Enraged, Jack turned and hurled the acid powder he was holding into Tiger's face. The dog howled in agony,

and Jenny, on her own lawn, started to scream. When the awful excitement died down and Tiger was rushed to a vet, we learned that his beautiful, brown-velvety eyes were blind! Now, both mistress and her dog were sightless!

I wanted to call on Jenny. I felt a vague responsibility for the shocking accident. But everyone in the village warned me not to do so. "She hates people. She's a strange one, don't go near her," they all cautioned me. So I put off my plan; if she wanted no visitors I was reluctant to thrust myself upon her.

Shortly after this I returned to London with my family. One day mother hurried over to see me, all excited. "Oh, a dreadful thing has happened," she cried. "There was a fire in our little cottage: Jack, the gardener was staying there that night and he rushed out in his pajamas and sought shelter in Jenny's house." Mother paused for breath, but there was a horror in her eyes.

"But, mother," I comforted her, "he's safe, isn't he? Is the house all right?"

"Yes, the fire was put out and not much damage was done," mother replied, nervously.

"Then why are you so troubled, mummy?" I wondered. Her answer was puzzling, deeply disturbing. "Jack—hasn't—been—seen—since. He was seen running into Jenny's house, and now he's missing."

"Have inquiries been made?" I asked.

"Yes, they've investigated," mother said, "but Jenny insists Jack never came to her house the time of the fire. Her house was searched, but no trace of him."

Several weeks later I was again visiting mother's cottage at Lytton Green.

By this time Jack's body had been found—in a gruesome state. His eyes had been gouged out, I was told. I shuddered as I thought of his vivid, blue eyes, and tried to put the image out of my mind.

Once again I saw Jenny in the garden. She was standing, her sightless eyes bent in my direction. To my surprise she asked me if she could come over. "Please do," I said, amazed how blind people sense another's presence.

Suddenly, her dog, Tiger, bounded ahead of her. I was astonished. Tiger could see! He stopped in front of me. A horrible sensation came over me as the dog looked up into my eyes. Instead of the deep brown velvet eyes which I had admired in Tiger, his eyes were a vivid, piercing blue!



# Terror of the BOA CONSTRICTOR



**A** CHARRED AND SMOKING TOMB IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE WINDY WOODS WHERE BESSIE, LOVELY EMILY BLANCHARD'S NURSE, WAS BURIED WITH THE TREASURED PAINTING OF HER AFRICAN VILLAGE! WHY DID HER MURDERER RETURN TO HER GRAVE? WHAT MYSTERIOUS VODOOISM DREW HIM THERE... AS THE **BOA CONSTRICTOR STRIKES!**

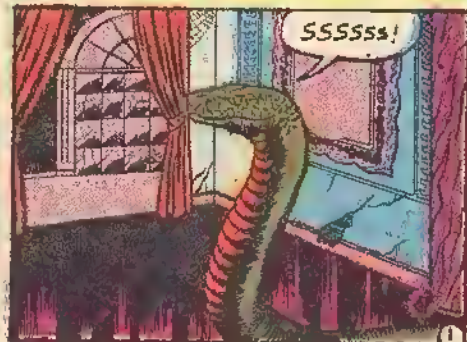


JOHN D'AGOSTINO

DARKNESS AND DECAY SPREAD A MIASMA AROUND THE ONCE PROUD BLANCHARD MANSION! THE SOUTH, AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, SUFFERED POVERTY AND DECLINE, BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT! THERE WAS SOMETHING EERIE ABOUT THE STILLNESS, WHERE NO CREATURE LIVED! YET, A PRESENCE WAS FELT IF ANYONE DREW NEAR... A PRESENCE UNHEARD AND UNSEEN...



THE OLD GRANDEUR WAS COVERED WITH DUST AND ROT... SILENTLY, THE "LIVING PRESENCE" WHICH DWELT HERE, COILED AND WRITHED ITS WAY THROUGH THE ROOMS, FOREVER GUARDING THEM FROM INTRUDERS...

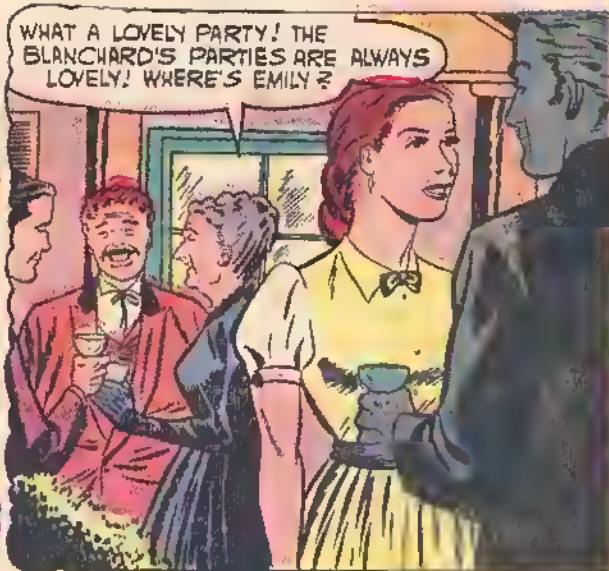




BUT ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, THERE WERE GARDEN PARTIES HELD ON IT'S LAWNS...



WHAT A LOVELY PARTY! THE BLANCHARD'S PARTIES ARE ALWAYS LOVELY! WHERE'S EMILY?



EVERYONE ASKED FOR EMILY, THE BLANCHARD'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER! SHE WAS BEING READIED FOR A LATE ENTRANCE..

OH BESSIE, I'M SO EXCITED! I WONDER IF ROGER TRENHOLME IS HERE YET?

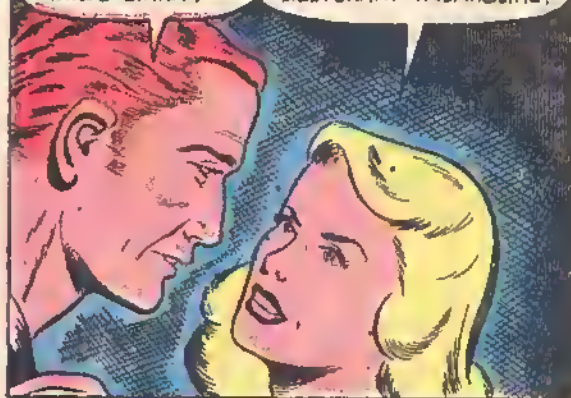
DON'T WORRY. ROGER WASER HAS EYES ONLY FOR YOU!



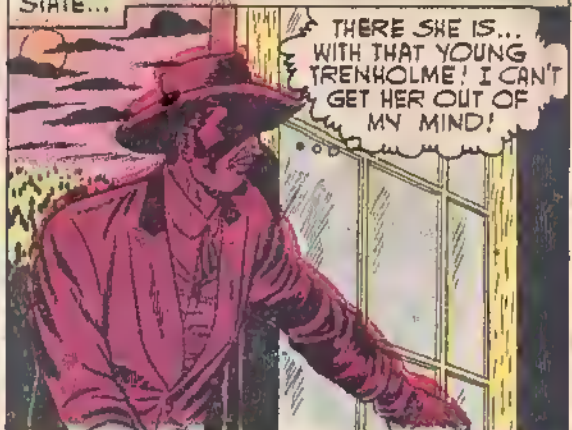
BESSIE WAS RIGHT, ROGER HAD EYES ONLY FOR EMILY...

YOU LOOK LIKE A FAIRY PRINCESS, MISS EMILY!

YO'R MIGHTY HANDSOME IN YO'R UNIFORM. LIEUTENANT TRENHOLME!



WHEN GOVERNOR STEVEN RANCOALL ARRIVED, HE TOO SOUGHT EMILY! THIS STRANGER, WHO CAME AS A CARPETBAGGER FROM THE NORTH, WAS NOW THE GOVERNOR OF THIS SOUTHERN STATE...



THERE SHE IS... WITH THAT YOUNG TRENHOLME! I CAN'T GET HER OUT OF MY MIND!

DANCING WITH THE GOVERNOR, EMILY FELT UNCOMFORTABLE...

MISS EMILY, YOU ARE AN EXQUISITE FLOWER! I DREAM OF YOU EVERY NIGHT!

G-GOVERNOR, YOU MUSTN'T SAY SUCH THINGS!



WHEN HE DREW EMILY TO THE TERRACE, THE DEVOTED BESSIE APPEARED...

NO, SUH! YOU MUSTN'T...

JUST A FEW MINUTES OUT HERE, MISS EMILY...

COME WID ME, CHILE! YO UNCLE FRED SENT ME TO FETCH YO...



THAT NIGHT..

I'M TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP! TELL ME MORE STORIES OF YOUR NATIVE AFRICAN VILLAGE, BESSIE, PLEASE...

IT'S LATE, EMILY! BUT, I WILL IF YOU PROMISE TO PAINT A PICTURE OF IT FOR ME... AND I'LL ALWAYS BE THERE!





EMILY WAS A GITEO PAINTER AND SHE AGREEO! THE OLO WOMAN TOLD OF HER AFRICAN VOODOO RITES AND PRACTICES OF CANNIBALISM, THE STORIES WERE THRILLING TO THE GIRL'S EARS...

MY TRIBE WERE ALL SAVAGES, BABY, BUT THEY KNEW MAGIC AND THEY COULD MIX POTIONS!



THE VIVID TALE'S BESSIE TOLD HER GAVE EMILY THE INSPIRATION FOR HER PAINTING...



EMILY, DAT'S MY VILLAGE, EXACTLY!



PAINT IN A BIG SNAKE TOO, EMILY!

SURE, BESSIE, HERE IT IS!



BESSIE PRIZED THE PAINTING BUT MADE A STRANGE REQUEST.

HONEY-CHILE, PROMISE ME YO'LL HAVE DAT PAINTING BURIED WID ME WHEN I DIE!

YOU MUSTN'T TALK OF DYING, BESSIE! BUT, OF COURSE, I PROMISE!



THEN ONE AFTERNOON...

BESSIE, BESSIE! I'M MY LITTLE EMILY, SO HAPPY! I'VE PROMISED TO MARRY ROGER! HE'S A FINE BOY! HE...



THE SUDDEN LOUD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR STARTLED THE TWO WOMEN...

I CAN'T SEE A CARRIAGE! WHO CAN IT BE?

I'LL GO SEE!



THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR WAS THE GOVERNOR... STEVEN RANDALL...

BUT MISSY EMILY'S BUSY, GOVERNOR!

STAND ASIDE; I WANT TO SEE MISS EMILY! CALL HER!





THE SULLEN AND OVERPOWERING PRESENCE OF THE GOVERNOR ALWAYS HAD THE EFFECT OF DISTURBING EMILY...

YOU WISHED TO SEE ME, GOVERNOR RANDALL?

FORGIVE ME, MISS EMILY! BUT I HAD TO SEE YOU!

EMILY, I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU! YOU MUST MARRY ME! YOU CAN'T SAY NO! I'M A MAN OF POWER IN THIS STATE!

STOP! I LOVE ROGER TRENHOLME!

TRENHOLME!! YOU'LL NEVER MARRY HIM! I ASSURE YOU!

THE DEVOTED BESSIE WAS NEVER OUT OF EARSHOT WHEN EMILY WAS MANACED...

JUST AS BESSIE RAISED HER DAGGER, STEVEN SENSED HER PRESENCE AND WHIRLED AROUND...

MAK EMILY'S IN DANGER, BAD DANGER! GDT TO DO SOMETHING FAST!

YOU SAVAGE! YOU CANNIBAL!

SSSSSS OHHHN!

IN THE STRUGGLE, BESSIE FALLS AND THE DAGGER PLUNGES INTO HER HEART...

YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, DID YOU? WELL, IT IS YOU WHO DIES!

ARGHHH!

BESSIE! ON, NO!

SO THE OLD COLORED NURSE WAS BURIED IN THE WOODS...

ROGER, I PROMISED THE PAINTING WOULD BE BURIED WITH HER!

YES DEAR! IT WILL GO INTO THE GRAVE WITH HER!



AMONG THE VISITORS CALLING TO SYMPATHIZE WAS...

GOVERNOR RANDALL! HOW COULD YOU CALL AT THIS HOUSE?

MISS EMILY, I AM SORRY FOR WHAT I DID! BUT YOU KNOW SHE TRIED TO KILL ME, AND REMEMBER, I LOVE YOU!

YOUR'S IS A STRANGE KIND OF LOVE, SIR! GOOD NIGHT!

REMEMBER, I SHALL WIN YOU YET!

THIS HAT... AND GLOVES... THEY'RE NOT MINE! WHY, THEY BELONG TO TRENHOLME! I THINK I'LL KEEP THEM, THEY MAY BE USEFUL!

AS STEVEN RODE ON, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE WOODS, NEAR OLD BESSIE'S GRAVE.

HMMM... THAT MUST BE BESSIE'S GRAVE...

SSSSSS!

SUDDENLY...

A BOA CONSTRICTOR! OUT OF BESSIE'S GRAVE... AND IT REMINDS ME OF BESSIE!

SSSSSS!

STEVEN MANAGED TO BREAK AWAY AND RODE MADLY OUT OF THE WOODS...

WHWEH, THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! I MUST DESTROY IT IN SOME WAY AND TRENHOLME, TOO!

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR HAUNTED STEVEN! IT MUST NOT STAY ALIVE...

REMEMBER, THE ENTIRE WOODS MUST BURN DOWN! EVERY ANIMAL AND SNAKE MUST BURN! AND... DROP THE HAT AND GLOVES NEAR BESSIE'S GRAVE!

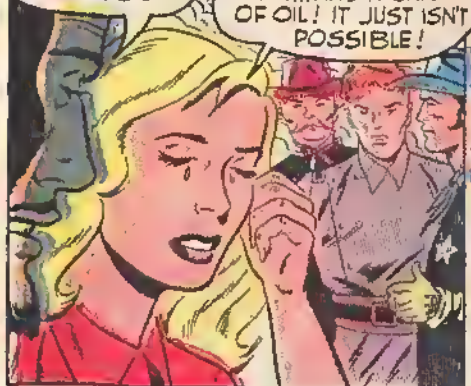
YESSIR!



WHEN THE SHERIFF ARRESTED ROGER, STEVEN CAME BY...

WHY HAVE THEY ARRESTED ROGER FOR THE FIRE IN THE WOODS?

THEY...THEY FOUND HIS GLOVES AND HAT...AND A CAN OF OIL! IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE!



AT THIS MOMENT OF EMILY'S DISTRESS, STEVEN FOUND HIS HOPE...

I'LL TRY TO HELP, MISS EMILY! I'LL VISIT THE GRAVE AND SEE WHAT I CAN LEARN! YOU CAN COME TOO!

I WILL! I WILL!



THEN, AS THEY STOOD NEAR BESSIE'S GRAVE, THEY SAW...

THE PICTURE I PAINTED FOR BESSIE! IT'S...IT'S RISING FROM HER GRAVE!

WHA...!



YES, SLOWLY THE PICTURE ROSE HIGHER AND HIGHER! EMILY RAN AWAY...

THE PICTURE GREW BIGGER AND BIGGER...IT FILLED THE WOODS...IT BECAME ALIVE...STEVEN COULDN'T GET AWAY...

IT'S BESSIE!

IT...IT CAN'T BE!



SSSSSSSS!

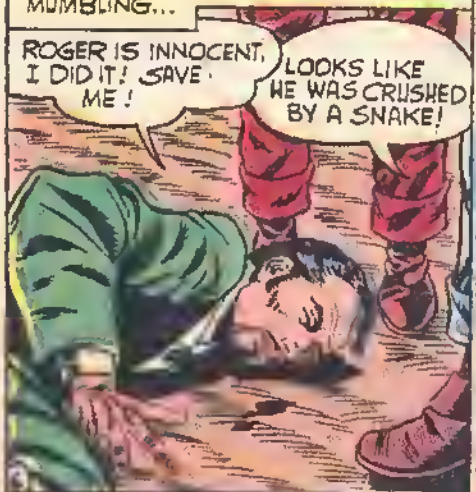
BESSIE! NO! NO! HELP!



WHEN THE SEARCH PARTY FOUND STEVEN, HE WAS CRUSHED...AND MUMBLING...

ROGER IS INNOCENT, I DID IT! SAVE ME!

LOOKS LIKE HE WAS CRUSHED BY A SNAKE!



ROGER AND EMILY SOON MARRIED AND LEFT THE OLD MANSION! NOW ONLY WE KNOW WHY THE BOA CONSTRICTOR STILL LIVES IN THE OLD PLACE, GUARDING IT ETERNALLY...



SSSSSS!



THE END



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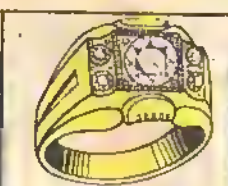
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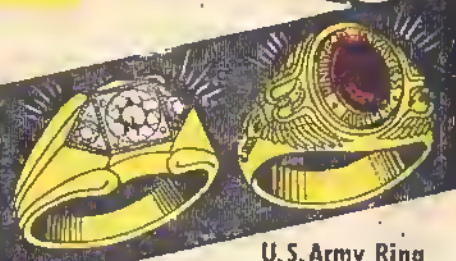


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# ESCAPE TO DEATH!

YOU'RE GETTING USED TO THE STENCH OF DEATH, THE SICKLY-SWEET ODOR OF FORMALDAHYDE! YOUR JOB IN THE PRISON MORGUE IS A SNAP! BUT A TEN YEAR STRETCH... WITH EIGHT MORE YEARS TO GO, IS A LONG TIME! IT'S THINKING OF HONEY CARROLL, THAT MAKES YOU WANT TO BREAK OUT! YOU MAKE IT ALL RIGHT... BUT LITTLE DO YOU DREAM INTO WHAT ABYSS OF HORROR YOU ESCAPE...

NO ONE EVER THOUGHT OF THIS GETTAWAY BEFORE, GIMPY! HA! HA! IT'S A GOOD ONE IF I MUST SAY SO! BUT YOU POOR DUMBY, YOU CAN'T HEAR ME!



WHERE DO WE PUT THE BOOY, TAD?

DUMP IT HERE, BOYS!



YOU WORK IN THE PRISON MORGUE! LIKE A SINGED CHICKEN, THE BODY OF AN EXECUTED CON IS BROUGHT INTO THE PRISON MORGUE SO YOU CAN STUFF IT INTO A COFFIN! GIMPY, THE TOWN UNDER-TAKER, A DEAF MUTE, HANGS ON YOUR TAIL LIKE A DEVOTED DOG...

BAD BREAK, TAD, TO GET STUCK IN THE MORGUE JOB!

NAILIN' UP COFFINS AIN'T SUCH A STIFF JOB!





YOU GOT OFF EASY  
ON THAT MURDER  
RAP AND THIS  
DUMMY, GIMPY,  
THE UNDERTAKER,  
SERVES YOU LIKE  
A SLAVE...

IT WAS  
YOU CAUSED  
GIMPY'S DEAF-  
NESS THAT  
TIME WHEN  
LEFTY WAS  
SHOT AND  
YOU NEEDED  
A GRAVE!  
BUT IT WASN'T  
READY...

READ MY LIPS, EH  
GIMPY? IT WAS A  
GOOD ONE ABOUT  
THE "STIFF" JOB,  
EH? HA!



I TOLD YOU WE HAD  
TO BURY LEFTY  
TONIGHT!

I CAN'T GET THAT GRAVE  
'TILL TOMORROW! MEAN-  
WHILE I'LL COVER  
HIM HERE!

NEXT TIME YOU  
DO WHAT  
I SAY!

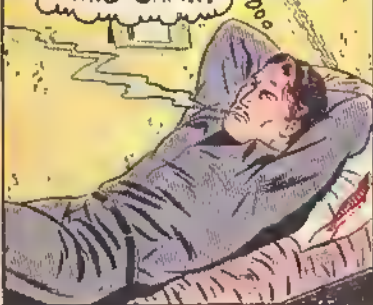
OOHHH!



AFTER THAT, GIMPY WAS STONE  
DEAF! BUT YOU HAD THE GOODS  
ON HIM AND YOU KEPT HIM  
WELL WEELED...

AT NIGHT, IN YOUR CELL, YOU  
GET RESTLESS, THINKING OF  
HONEY. IT WAS FOR HER YOU DID  
WHAT YOU DID! MAYBE...MAYBE  
ANOTHER GUY'S COME ALONG?

SHE PROMISED TO WAIT...  
BUT IF SHE TWO-TIMES  
ME...I'LL BREAK OUTTA  
THIS CAN...

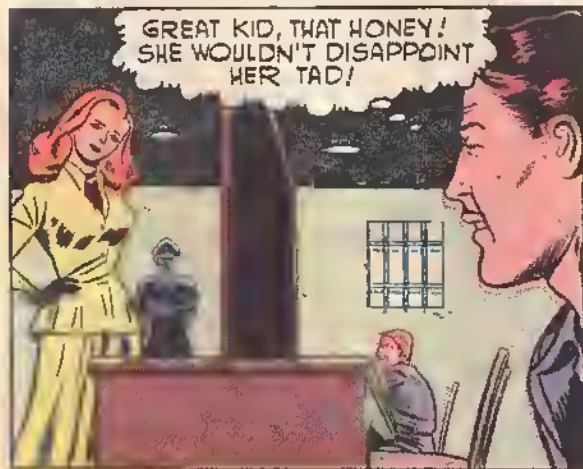


VISITING DAY. YOU ARE ALL  
TENSED UP. YOU KEEP  
THINKING...WILL HONEY  
SHOW UP...

I'LL SEE HER IN  
ANOTHER HOUR!  
SHE'D BETTER  
SHOW UP!



THE TIME ARRIVES AND YOU'RE CALLED  
TO THE VISITING ROOM! YOU SPY HER  
GORGEOUS HONEY COLORED HAIR...

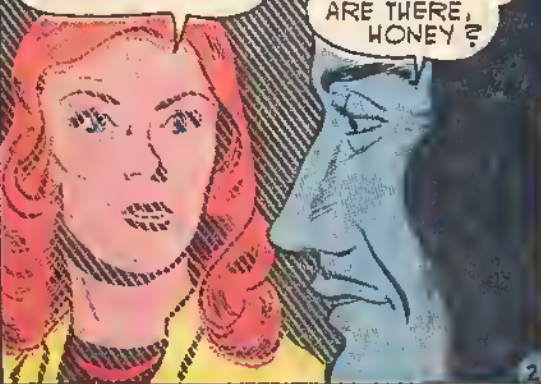


GREAT KID, THAT HONEY!  
SHE WOULDN'T DISAPPOINT  
HER TAD!

EVEN THOUGH THE GUARDS LISTEN IN, YOU  
LIVE FOR THIS WEEKLY VISIT! HER WORDS  
REASSURE YOU...

SURE, TAD, I'LL WAIT  
FOR YOU! EIGHT YEARS  
AREN'T SO LONG!

THERE AIN'T ANY  
GUYS HANGING  
AROUND YOU,  
ARE THERE,  
HONEY?





IT MAKES YOU  
FEEL NICE TO  
HEAR HER SAY  
YOU'RE THE  
ONLY ONE  
AND SHE'LL  
WAIT FOR YOU  
TO GET OUT!  
BUT EIGHT  
YEARS? CAN  
SHE WAIT?



WHERE DID YOU GET  
SUCH CRAZY IDEAS,  
TAD? DARLING,  
LISTEN, I NEED  
MORE MONEY!

IF YOU EVER  
TWO-TIME  
ME, HONEY,  
I'LL GET YOU...

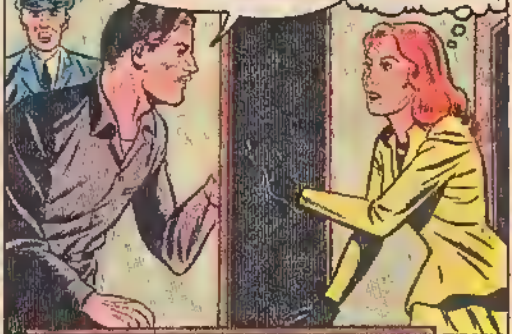


YOU WONDER WHY SHE NEEDS ALL THE  
MONEY SHE ASKS YOU FOR EVERY WEEK!  
STILL, IT GIVES YOU A HOLD ON HER...

VISITING  
OVER!

GO TO MY MA'S  
PLACE IN JERSEY!  
TELL HER TO CUT  
THE ROOTS UNDER  
THE LILAC BUSH...

THE MONEY'S  
ALWAYS IN  
SUCH OUT-  
OF- THE-  
WAY PLACES!



YOU SURE PLAYED IT SMART! CACHED  
YOUR DOUGH IN SCATTERED PLACES  
SO HONEY HAD TO COME BACK TO  
YOU EVERY WEEK FOR MORE...

SEE YOU NEXT  
WEEK, TAD  
DARLING!

I'LL BE WAITING,  
HONEY!



YOU FEEL BETTER  
AFTER SEEING HONEY!  
SHE SURE NEEDS  
PLENTY OF DOUGH!  
LUCKY YOU PULLED  
THAT BANK JOB  
AND GOT A BIG  
PILE CACHED AWAY!  
WITH ALL THAT DOUGH  
WAITING, SHE'LL  
PLAY IT STRAIGHT  
WITH YOU! THERE  
GOES THE BELL  
FOR SOCIAL HALL  
AND TV...



BETCHA ROCKY  
KNOCKS OUT  
SLIM!

MY DOUGH'S  
ON SLIM...FOR  
THE FIFTH  
ROUND!

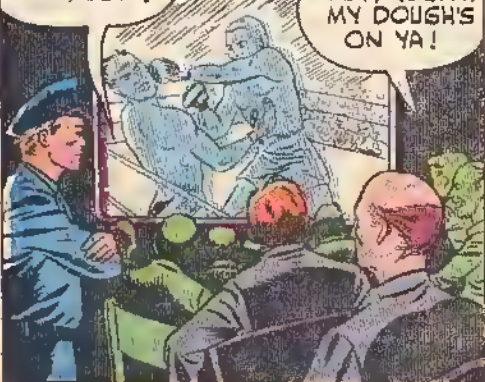
GONG!



ALL THE BOYS LOOK FORWARD TO THE  
FIGHTS ON TV, REAL EXCITING! BUT...  
THAT GIRL ON THE SCREEN, IN THE  
FIRST ROW! IT... LOOKS... LIKE...

ONE TO THE  
JAW, SLIM!

HEY, ROCKY!  
MY DOUGH'S  
ON YA!



A CLOSE-UP FLASHES ON THE SCREEN! YEA, IT IS  
HONEY, PRETTY CHUMMY WITH DUKE CORY, YOUR  
ENEMY! YOU WANT TO YELL OUT, BUT YOU CAN'T...

THAT DIRTY TWO  
TIMING TRAMP!





BACK IN YOUR CELL, YOU PACE THE FLOOR LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL! YOUR GIRL WAS DRESSED TO KILL... WITH YOUR DOUGH... AND WITH DUKE CORY!

NOW I GOTTA BUST OUTTA HERE! BUT HOW? HOW?



NEXT DAY AT WORK IN THE MORGUE, YOU'RE STILL MAD! YOU MUST BREAK OUT, BUT HOW? THEN...

THEY FRY ON THURSDAY! REMEMBER, MORAN'S BODY GOES TO THE CREMATORIUM AND RONSKY'S BODY GOES TO OHIO BY FREIGHT!

OKAY!

THE PLAN TO ESCAPE COMES TO YOU! YOU'LL GET INTO THE COFFIN WITH RONSKY AND GET OUT WHILE EN ROUTE TO OHIO! YOU'LL NEED GIMPY'S HELP... WHEN VISITING DAY ARRIVES...

TELL GIMPY TO COME HERE TOMORROW, HONEY!

SURE TAD! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THAT DEAF MUTE?

NEVER MIND, JUST SEE THAT GIMPY GETS HERE!

SO LONG, TAD DARLING! I'LL MISS YOU! THANKS FOR THE MONEY!

SEE YOU SOON, HONEY! VERY SOON!

SO NOW YOU WAIT FOR GIMPY TO COME! THE HOURS DRAG...

WHY DOESN'T THAT GIMPY GET HERE?

AT LAST! THE GUARD CALLS YOU TO THE VISITOR'S ROOM! IT'S NOT VISITOR'S DAY, SO IT MUST BE GIMPY...

A SPECIAL VISITOR FOR YOU, TAD!

OKAY, BURNS!





THE GUARD LISTENS, BUT HE DOESN'T HEAR A WORD OF YOUR CONVERSATION! THE DEAF MUTE, GIMPY, EASILY READS YOUR LIPS! YOU TELL HIM, WHEN MORAN AND RONSKY ARE EXECUTED, HE MUST BRING A FALSE BOTTOM COFFIN TO THE MORGUE FOR RONSKY'S BODY AND YOU WILL GET INTO THE FALSE BOTTOM AND HE MUST OPEN IT AT THE FREIGHT STATION TO LET YOU OUT...



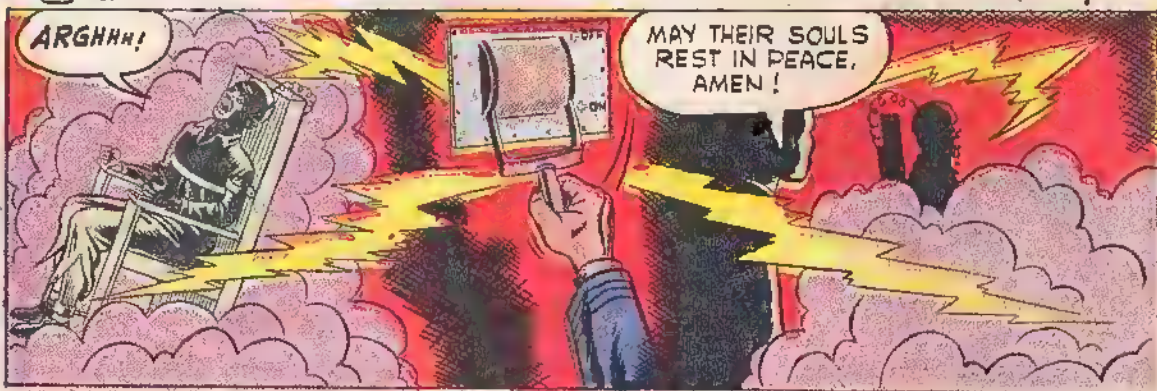
NEXT DAY...

YEP! MORAN AND RONSKY BURN TOMORROW!

I'LL HAVE THE COFFINS READY!



PROMPTLY AT DAWN, MORAN IS FIRST TO BURN IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! YOU KNOW WHEN IT HAPPENS BY THE FLICKERING LIGHTS IN YOUR CELL... TEN MINUTES LATER, RONSKY MEETS HIS DOOM...



SOON, THEY'LL BRING THE TWO STIFFS HERE TO YOU IN THE MORGUE! BUT YOU'RE GETTING NERVOUS! GIMPY HASN'T BROUGHT THE COFFINS! ONE WITH A FALSE BOTTOM...

MAYBE HE DIDN'T READ MY LIPS RIGHT?



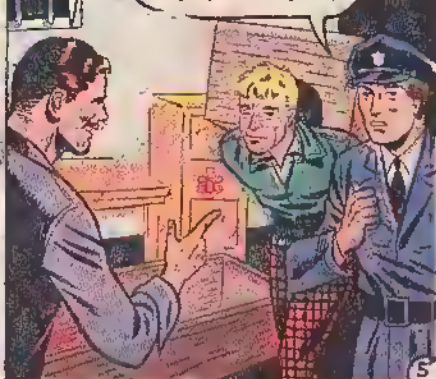
I'M SWEATING ALL OVER! WHY DOESN'T HE COME?



AT LAST GIMPY ARRIVES, HE FLASHES YOU A WINK! WHEW, THAT WAS A TENSE MOMENT...

DID YOU PUT TAGS ON THE COFFINS, BOYS?

YEA, MORAN AND RONSKY! STUFF THEM IN WHEN THEY'RE BROUGHT HERE, TAD! I'LL TAKE GIMPY UP FOR A PASS!





THE BODIES OF MORAN AND RONSKY ARE CARRIED IN AND YOU STUFF RONSKY'S INTO THE COFFIN WITH THE FALSE BOTTOM AND MORAN'S INTO THE OTHER COFFIN...



THE GUARDS HAVE LEFT AND YOU HASTILY GET INTO RONSKY'S COFFIN, THE ONE WITH THE FALSE BOTTOM...



NOW, TO GET INTO THE FALSE BOTTOM!



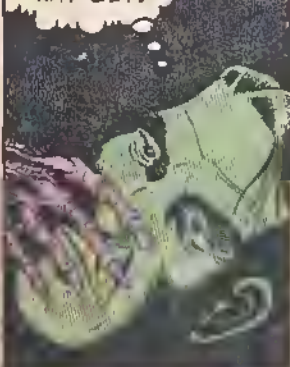
YOU ARE SAFE INSIDE THE FALSE BOTTOM! YOUR HEART POUNDS AS YOU HEAR FEET ENTER THE MORGUE ROOM...

OKAY, GIMPY, TAD MUST HAVE GONE BACK TO HIS CELL! LET'S GET THESE COFFINS READY!



YOU HEAR THE HAMMERING AS GIMPY NAILS YOU IN! YOU FEEL THE BUMP AS TWO GUARDS LIFT UP YOUR COFFIN...

I'M ON MY WAY OUT!



YOU FEEL A GHOSTLY HAND... MORAN? MAYBE HE DIDN'T WANT TO BURN AGAIN, HE REMOVED THE NAME TAGS...

YOU FEEL YOURSELF SLIDE FORWARD AS THE GUARDS STOP! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

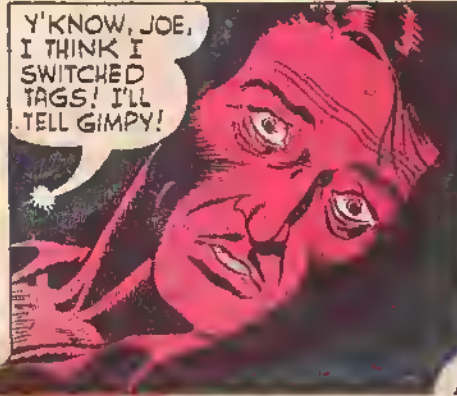
JOE, THE NAME TAGS FELL OFF! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT THEM BACK ON!

OKAY, GUS!



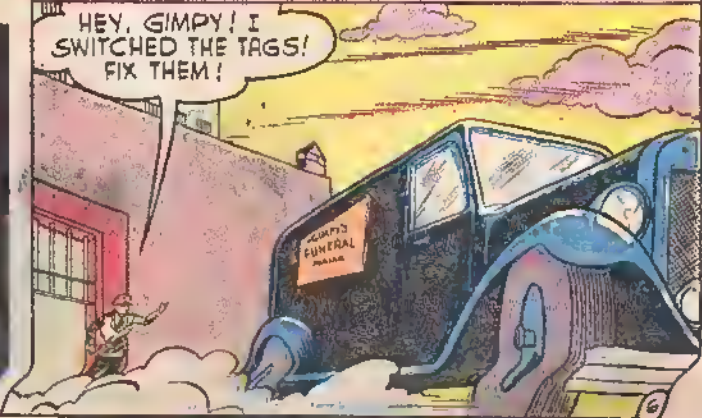
YOU LIE IN THE COFFIN, HORROR FILLING YOUR ENTIRE BEING AS YOU HEAR THE GUARD SAY...

Y'KNOW, JOE, I THINK I SWITCHED TAGS! I'LL TELL GIMPY!



THE GUARD CALLS TO GIMPY AS HE PULLED AWAY, BUT GIMPY IS A DEAF-MUTE, HE CAN'T HEAR...

HEY, GIMPY! I SWITCHED THE TAGS! FIX THEM!

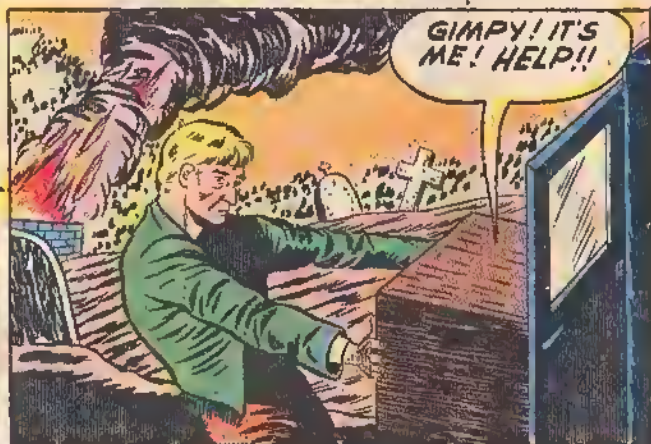




ON THE WAY TO THE CREMATORIUM, YOU YELL, YOU KICK AND BANG, BUT GIMPY DOES NOT HEAR YOU...



THE TRUCK STOPS! GIMPY IS PULLING OUT YOUR COFFIN! HE'S GOING TO BURN YOU! YOU SCREAM LOUDER AND LOUDER... BUT HE CAN'T HEAR, REMEMBER?



YOU FEEL THE COFFIN BEING DRAGGED ALONG THE GROUND... YOU'RE KICKING AND BANGING...



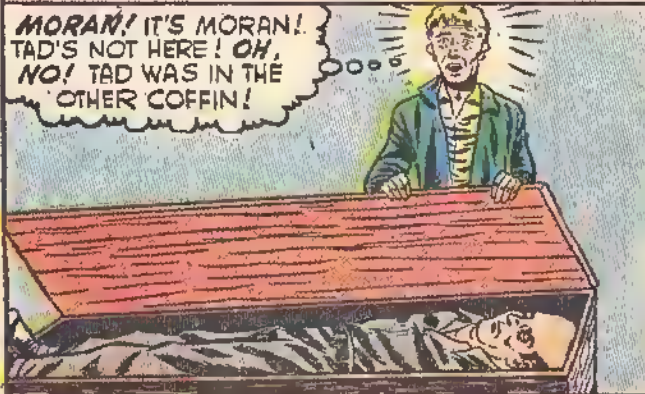
SUDDENLY, SMOKE AND TERRIFIC HEAT FILLS THE NARROW BOX AS GIMPY PUSHES THE COFFIN INTO THE CREMATORIUM OVEN...



HELPLESS, STRANGLING, YOU FEEL THE INTENSE HEAT AS THE FLAMES BEGIN TO LICK THROUGH THE WOODEN COFFIN...



AT THE STATION, GIMPY OPENS THE OTHER COFFIN AND FINDS IT CONTAINS...



YOU CAN IMAGINE GIMPY'S ASTONISHMENT WHEN HE FOUND HE HAS THROWN TAD INTO THE FURNACE... HEH HEH HEH!





# "With God All Things Are Possible!"

Dear Friend:

*Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?*

*Are You Worried About Your Health?*

*Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?*

*Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?*

*Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?*

*Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or Discouraged?*

*Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?*

**I**F you have any of these PROBLEMS, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful news . . . news of a thrilling NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping men and women everywhere to meet the PROBLEMS of their lives more happily, triumphantly and successfully than ever before!

And this NEW WAY of PRAYER can just as surely bring a whole new world of happiness and joy to YOU!

Founded upon a modern psychological interpretation of the Scriptures, this NEW WAY of PRAYER is designed to bring the love and power of God into your daily life in a more real and direct way than you have ever known.

To bring you the glorious Wisdom and Beauty of the Bible we all love so well, and to help you apply in a practical way the Teachings of Jesus Christ so that the ABUNDANT LIFE—of health, happiness and prosperity which He promised can really be yours!

It doesn't matter what part PRAYER has had in your life up until now!

If you are one for whom PRAYER has always been a glorious blessing—then this NEW WAY will make PRAYER even more wonderful and blessed for you!

Or, if you have turned to PRAYER only once in a while in the past—if sometimes you have felt you just couldn't make God hear you—then this NEW WAY may open a whole new world of FAITH and SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING for you. You will find God's LOVE and POWER coming right into your daily life in a more real and direct way than ever before!

## GOD LOVES YOU!

He wants you to be happy! He wants to help you! So don't wait, dear friend! Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY—please, please clip the handy coupon now and mail with 10c stamps or coin so we can send you FULL INFORMATION by AIR MAIL about this wonderful NEW WAY of PRAYER which is helping so many, many others and may just as surely and quickly help YOU!

The reason we are so sure we can help you is that, for more than ten years, we have been helping other men and women just like you to live closer to God—to be happier and more successful! We know this because we get wonderful, wonderful letters like these in almost every mail!

*"The dark clouds have rolled away and the sun of Christ has come in!"*—H.D., Balt., Md.

*"I believe you have a heaven sent message for everyone!"*  
—Mrs. D.W., Mo.

*"What a comfort, what a blessing, what a help your Prayers are!"*—Mr. C.S.M., Ala.

*"More prosperity and happiness in our home than the whole twenty years before!"*—Myrtle P., Merryville, La.

*"You have taught me to pray and it's been the happiest time of my life!"*—Viola G., Homer, Ill.

*"I feel better than in years and the Doctor said he never saw the like!"*—A.B., Augusta, Ga.

*"God is daily showering His blessings on me!"*  
—Augusta E., Ill.

*"I sincerely believe God directed me to you!"*—Mrs. A.S., Wisc.

Receiving wonderful letters like these makes us very happy, and it would make us very happy to help you! But we can't begin until you send us the coupon below.

So, don't wait, dear friend! If you have PROBLEMS of any kind—if you would like to live a MORE ABUNDANT LIFE—of BETTER HEALTH, GREATER PROSPERITY, TRUE HAPPINESS—please, please don't let another minute slip by! Clip and mail the coupon now, so we can send you our wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL! We promise you—you will bless this day!

Your friends who want to help you in

**LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP**

Just Clip and Mail This Coupon Now!

**You Will Surely Bless This Day!**

Life-Study Fellowship, Box 2207,  
Noroton, Conn.

Dear Friend:

Please send me your wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL! Enclosed is 10c in stamps or coin. Thank you!  
(Please Print Clearly!)

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

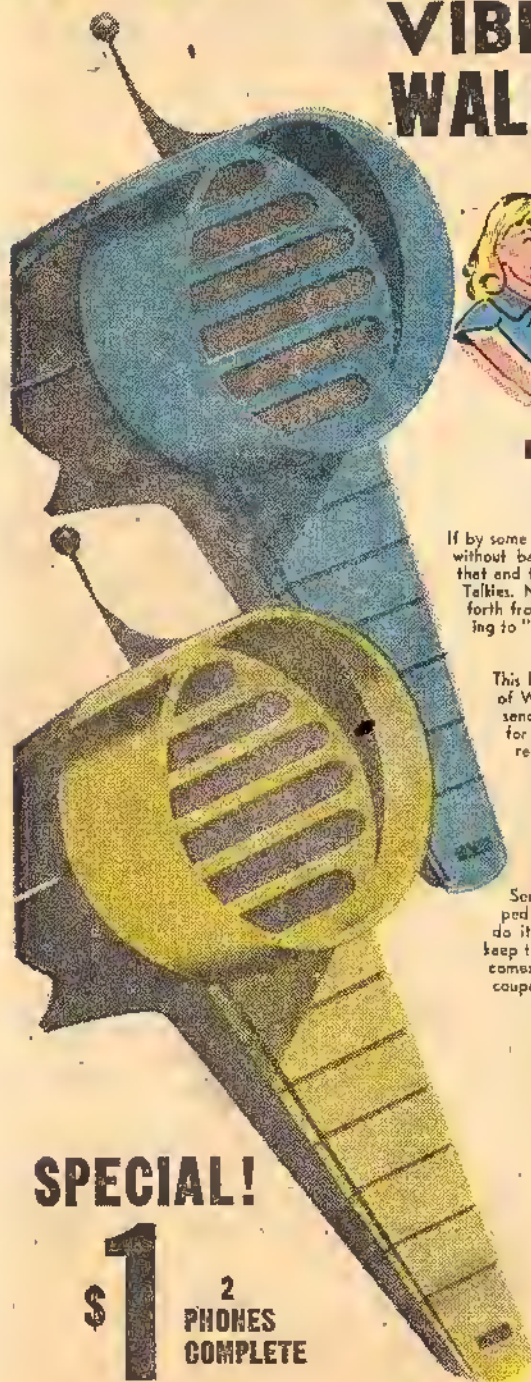


# NEW! 1953 "Space Commander"

## VIBRO-MATIC WALKIE-TALKIES

2 PHONES  
ONLY

**\$1**



2 WAY

SENDS! RECEIVES!  
VOICE - SONGS - MUSIC

## Thrills & Fun Galore!

If by some magical means you could talk with your neighbor and friends—without electric wires, without batteries or electric current, wouldn't you pay \$100 or more? Well you can do just that and the entire cost to you is only ONE DOLLAR for TWO "Space Commander" Walkie-Talkies. Not just a toy—but an amazing communication system, NOW you can talk back and forth from house to garden, between rooms, between your house and your friends'. How thrilling to "speak thru space"!

### Works like Magic . . . Guaranteed!

This latest, newest 1953 model is a well made product of the world's largest manufacturer of Walkie-Talkies. Uses highly sensitive Vibromatic design. Each phone is self-contained and sends as well as receives messages, songs, music, etc. which travel over the conductor line for hundreds of feet, clear and distinct. Requires no license. Will not interfere with radio reception. Works equally well indoors or out.

### Endless Fun . . . Educational!

This new 2-WAY WalkieTalkie System provides endless fun for the entire family, for boys and girls and adults too! Inspirational. Helps overcome shyness, aids voice training. Reel "Space Planet" design in handsome colors. Hard to break. They're rugged!

### 5 Day Trial — Money Back Guarantee.

Send only one dollar, cash, check or money order and your Walkie-Talkies will be shipped on 5 day home trial—Instantly! Easy to use directions—even a 5-year-old child can do it! Enjoy them with your family and friends for 5 whole days free of any obligation to keep them . . . entirely at our risk! If you're not thrilled and satisfied in every way your dollar comes right back! Supply limited! Rush order now! Don't lose this big bargain! Mail coupon TODAY!

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 153-H-28  
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

**SPECIAL!**

**\$1**

2  
PHONES  
COMPLETE

### Rush this MONEY-SAVING COUPON

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 153-H-28  
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

RUSH a complete set of SPACE COMMANDER WALKIE-TALKIES on 5 DAY TRIAL, post-paid, I enclose only \$1.00 for the complete set of 2 phones and directions. If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, you are to send back my dollar with no questions asked.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ CHECK here if you wish order sent C.O.D. You pay \$1.00 AND 35 cents postage on delivery.